

Mark Prisco

queer theory

Why should the fly live?

I could end its
time at play
with my
finger
tips

between the rains,
now.
At the lake.

*

That's
nothing but
what you think it
is, the queerness
of being some
other man

thing, the object of my

looking

in

the mirror When eyes
meet like that – at a

glance - it's

like you know me see some

thing I didn't want you to

It's

hurt,

crowned

de-

thorned;

christ

dragged post-

mortem

to the tomb

or

before his

ministry.

dissolutions in the morning

3

the skin on my finger tip is,

rubs against your in-

side,

dry & your smile is

thin. Had a feeling you'd

be gone. Saw it clear, some-
where when I shut my
eyes in

daylight, saw
red & when
I passed on
almost, black

. There's a knock
& I can't get to the door before
long

I'm at the funeral
& I can't hear a word
of it & there's nothing
like death or your mother

to kill the buzz, the
crack, your cock between her wide
thighs snapped tight, against
the grain & you fill her good
like that grave/digger
shoving the dirt back in. I'm/
a machine|Not-thinking \ just/ ff____

___fucking because. What else
is there. I'm sure yr/ man doesn't mind,
because I'm/ family &/ (shh) - my/ mama just died _____

My forgetfulness

my hand forgets the fluid ride
of the stair rail; half way
down, her pearl;
carpet
burn behind
her desk, hard
words – all of this slipped
off. her tight dress.
my stiff
bent against the rub of inside
denim.

submission

I

Lord, my head is
bowed, arms stretched
across the narrow floor.

II

The tumid wind
rose, spread like
night, & waves fell & ashes.

III

Slowly I'm
spent & time dries
my leaving.

harm

there's no blood & the faint scar's from years
gone

I'm not
home anymore not high not
stoned but away I'm
not

fit to hold your
stare say nothing This

is the best I have been
long term
 the least disturbed
In dreams my

cut's not so
deep as to leave anything
more than
 worn skin